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ON PAGE C-3

WASHINGTON POST
18 January 1985

The Spectator's Sport

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The man with the radio in his ear fairly flew down the steps of the Embassy Row Hotel, his charge racing by his side.

"I'm whirling around," said CIA Director William Casey, as his Secret Service escort dashed for the door.

"All my friends are in town—it's going to be a gay weekend," Casey said, and was off to his next engagement.

These days, invitations are stacked up like planes over National on a bad night, and a good portion of the 80 or so guests at last night's 18th-birthday party for the conservative magazine *The American Spectator* showed up for cocktails in black tie. Even in the midst the business suits, they carried themselves with aplomb—this weekend, black tie is as common around town as waiters bearing trays of monster shrimp.



BY LUCIAN PERKINS—THE WASHINGTON POST

From left, Casey, Viguerie and Tyrrell at the American Spectator party.

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